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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
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By Frank Benson

COURTESY OF BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

CENTRE OF VISION

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It isn't always best to look behind the scenes; you're apt to find that the nice lady who edits the Mother's Column is a big man with an evil smelling pipe and that the man who wrote "Neath the Waving Pines of Maine" wears his queue coiled up under his hat and is hoarding his money to go back to the old country.

On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln

This bronze doth keep the very form and mould
  Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
  That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
  That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
  For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
  As might some prophet of the elder day,—
  Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
  A power was his beyond the touch of art
  Or armed strength: It was his mighty heart.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

Some time ago we clipped the above poem, by Richard Watson Gilder, from the age-mellowed pages of a February number of the Century Magazine for the year 1888. We print it here, of course, because this is Lincoln's birthday month, but, incidentally, it is rather interesting to note that a portion of the Century Magazine for the current month is set apart for appreciations of the lately-deceased Mr. Gilder himself.

The voice of the singer is hushed; from the distance comes others —singing.—Editor's Note.

Impressionism

Charles H. Coffin, New York, delivered his third lecture of the season, under the direction of the Worcester Art Society, recently in the Salisbury house on Highland street, before an audience that filled the two reception rooms. His subject was: "Impressionism and Whistler." He said in part:—

"To-day we have to speak of what is really a phase of realism, impressionism. Some people dismiss as impressionistic a spotty painting or one they don't understand. Impressionism originated in the early sixties. Velasquez and Frans Hals again had attention drawn to them, after having been forgotten. Velasquez's portrait of Philip IV. gave the impression that the king made, and not so much his costume.

"Velasquez gives the momentary impression of a subject, not the eternal, immobile expression. The term impressionist was given to painters in 1871 by the French. The imagination must supply what is unfinished in the picture. John S. Sargent is an impressionist. He leaves the hands as if unfinished. He gives the character, not the drawing, of a hand.

"Impression of character is what is given by such portraits. When we were young we were told not to do this or that. The modern way is to suggest. So impressionism is modern. Kipling is an impressionist. George Eliot devoted three pages to a description of a farmyard. Kipling presents a picture in a few lines.

"The power of suggestion is one of the great forces of modern life. Impressionism relies on it. The name Whistler is coupled with impressionism. Another factor that had a great deal to do with impressionism in the sixties was Japanese prints. They came into the country, were studied, and found interesting. They did not represent the thing as it was.

"The Japanese were impressionists. As Velasquez used black, gray, drab, a touch of old rose or blue, so the Japanese did. Like him, they found that black and gray are capable of exquisite gradations of color entirely different from the colors used by the Italians.

"The primary colors were not used. Subtle gradations took their place. The principles of composition observed by the Italians had a heavy, elaborate geometric plan, unsuited to the fugitive momentary thing. The Japanese prints had the composition needed. It is a sort of spotted effect on the canvas.

"Apparently accidental, the result was just what the impressionists wanted. The Japanese prints preserved the momentary ensemble.

"Whistler united the influences of his age in a remarkable way. He was like a Marconi wire, taking the influences in the air around him. He was an American. He went abroad for his student years, and did his lifework there.

"He had American independence in a marked degree. We follow one another's tails more or less, but he had the old American spirit of independence. He cared nothing for what anybody thought of him. Whistler first became known to the world through his impressionism. A man vibrant with modern life could not bother himself painting nudes in a studio. His Thames series of pictures are scrupulous in their regard for facts. It is right that a young man, as he was then, should realize the value of facts. He is like Rembrandt in his etchings.

"Just about that time he became acquainted with Courbet. But the very next year after painting the ship as Courbet would paint it, Whistler painted the sea in a much freer way.

"One of the things artists learned from Velasquez and the Japanese is the meaning and use of values. In America the term value in art has to do with light. That the impressionist learns about from the scientist. The value of colors in a picture means the amount of light in them as compared to white light, the standard. Blues and greens are approximately forty, for instance. The value of a black coat against a white background is very low. The white light is high.

"By a most careful study of the use of whites in his symphonies in white, Whistler gives remarkable examples in values. The figure, the background, the floor, all white, show contrasts of light. The moment you introduce shade you exclude some of the light.

"Whistler introduces lower hues or values in color, as red or black, to avoid using shade or shadow, in his white pictures. He borrowed this method from the Japanese. That's the secret of some of his pictures.

"The second use of values is the quantity of light on different parts of a color. For instance, red cloth that is all alike when spread out on a counter shows different lights when held up and draped. By such means you get the sense of form and modeling.

"To-day the American artist, particularly, excels in his impressionistic landscapes. A Dutch picture seems unlike nature after looking at an impressionistic picture. The Dutch transposed all colors into harmonies, a perfectly justifiable thing, but modern artists do not try for tonality. They see nature as it looks, and not as it is. This puts a wonderful power of expression into the hands of the artists. A well-known place takes on a sudden new interest because of the ever-varying character of the atmosphere. A well-known face is most interesting from its play of expression. The representation of

the form for form's sake is not the thing, however beautiful it may be. The expression is the thing.

"Whistler was not interested in the obvious. He saw how the public in England in the mid-Victorian period was a Philistine one, getting down to facts, wondering what it was all about. Whistler did not care what it was all about.

"Women who had traveled far to see the famous Mona Lisa sat with their backs to it while a girl read to them from a book about it.

"Whistler felt that painting was at a disadvantage compared to music, though some people lose the abstract appeal of music when the symphonies are all explained on the programme. He worked on the pictures he called nocturnes just to have people turn from facts to abstracts. Ruskin said that anybody who could throw a pot of paint far enough to hit the canvas could paint a nocturne. Whistler sued him, and got a farthing's damages. We understand the abstract better now. All modern art tends toward it. It is idealism, though the term is terribly misused.

"Any girl with a flower stuck in her tousled hair is painted as an ideal head. It is absurd. It makes me sick, if you'll pardon me. Idealism is beautiful abstraction as seen in some old Italian paintings, but it degenerated into an improvement on nature.

"One who has the eyes of the seer can find idealism in the things around him, as Rembrandt did. In painting an old woman, he represents the idea of old age. It is this bigness of mind and intention, the idea of depicting the soul, that made Rembrandt the great man he was.

"Because of Whistler's horror of the obvious, his picture of his mother he called a symphony in black and white, not a portrait of his mother.

"It is the ideal of motherhood that he painted. In painting an idea, Rembrandt often had to get away from the facts, the outside.

"When the idea is inside and he wants you to peer in for it, he shuts off the body that might distract you and rivets your attention on the point he wishes you to get.

"Whistler went out at night and painted the mere phantoms of forms, the penumbra, in order to give a sense of beauty, not mere form.

"Note how other men are doing the same thing. Maeterlinck, a scientist, in writing of 'Pelleas and Melisande,' treats them as abstractions. Just what Whistler did, choosing the time when the penumbra was abroad, Maeterlinck does in his writings. Then Debussey creates a penumbra of sound in his music.

"The modern trend is continuing impressionism toward the subjective, away from the objective. In France there is a movement in this direction now. It is more and more apparent that there is a constant approach toward a spirituality not based on concrete things, as of old, but an abstract spirituality.

"You should not think of the pitcher, the apples, the woman in an impressionistic picture, but you should get from it an impression, an abstraction, a spirituality. People laughed at Whistler's pictures that looked as well upside down as any other way.

"But, why laugh? A man for whom a woman in mourning posed painted her gaily in red. He did not wish to put the woman dressed in mourning upon the canvas, but rather the sprightly girl he knew, and why not?

"Isn't it the impression that counts, after all?"

Charles H. Woodbury's exhibition at the Copley in January was a splendid collection of paintings. They universally expressed a clarity of atmosphere most remarkable, and in his marine views, a feeling of the resistless sub-surface pulsing,—that impression of the tenacious properties of the ocean's film, which binds down the savage mass beneath. "The Three Hills" produced an effect incomprehensible in a study of the picture at close range, and in "Storm at Sea" there was a powerful feeling of menacing sullenness. Mr. Kronberg's exhibition followed Mr. Woodbury's, and presented a contrast in many respects. It was only in his nudes that he really grasped simplicity. His canvases showed sometimes an awkwardness in choice of line, and an inability to avail himself of big masses. There was a pastel of the ballet girl in pink, with a cold light streaming through a window at one side, that secured a direct expression. Philip Little's exhibit, at the same gallery, lasted through the nineteenth of this month. Mr. Little has violently attempted impressionism in one picture, in some of the others has been content with manual, and not visual, mixing of color, while other canvases are "betwixt and between." In nearly all he has secured an agreeable effect, and an impression of strength that is far better than mere agreeableness. His

paintings possess remarkable richness of surface. "A Spring Brook" has the silvery delicacy of spring, and by contrast, "Over the Hills" gains in its hazy autumn mellowness. The foreground is clever—hot sunlight on a sandy road, with a cold shadow falling athwart it. In "Where Hawthorne Wrote and Derby Traded" we see again how interestingly Mr. Little can interpret mere sand. The background in this picture is vivid, with little, alert figures daubed in. It demonstrates that a painter need not be afraid of his distance, for though it is kept in tone, it expresses the strength it possesses. There have been many single pictures of interest in the outer rooms of the Copley lately, and several leaves from Sargent's sketch book were hung in frames on the wall. A. C. Goodwin, "a young painter of promise," had a snow scene of Boston Common. "They say" that Mr. Goodwin has had very little instruction, and that the attractive canvases he has been showing lately are all the productions of talent untrained. Miss Rosamond Coolidge, who was once one of us, had a well-painted portrait of herself, and there were two of Mr. Paxton's pictures, "The Little Bride" and the portrait of a small boy. There was also a beautifully-executed composition by Lilian Hale.

The last of January Mr. Boit, the Englishman who showed water-colors with Sargent at the Art Club last year, held an exhibition of oils at Doll and Richards'. Mr. Boit's work was sincere, and generally effective. There was one rocky hillside with a fine light and shade effect, and one sunset of which the foreground was successful, but the sunset almost self-conscious. Following Mr. Boit's picture came the exhibition of old masters, sent from the Ehrich Galleries in New York. It was a very fine collection, and included paintings of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, German, English, and French schools. "The Portrait of an Engraver," by Ferdinand Bol (Dutch), was a large, effective composition, combining both strength and deli-

cacy. The two casts in the shadow were subordinated to the man, their representation being accomplished in a manner skilfully subdued, and at the same time instinct with power. Pieter de Hooghe had a picture not listed in the catalogue, but surely one of the most valuable in the collection. It was an interior, with figures severally engaged about a table; a door, a few steps above the level of the foreground, was open, and through that door came Pieter's cherished sunlight streaming. Except at the left and near the door, the interior was murky. On the table was set a wine glass, gleaming faintly at every turn of plane. It really seems as if we needed that picture permanently here in Boston. Gerard Terborch was represented by "A Portrait of a Young Man," a small picture, exquisite in composition and treatment. There was a large portrait of Sir Thomas Challoner, by Van Dyck.

At the St. Botolph Club has just been held the most interesting and best-attended exhibition of the fall and winter,—Frank Benson's. It was a show such as we see once or twice a year, when one of the four Ten Americans professionally resident in Boston exhibit. Some of the pictures had been on view before, and some were seen for the first time. "Solitaire" was the largest canvas there, presenting a subdued lighting and arrangement which only a master could have accomplished. "The Sunny Room" was a wonderful reproduction of a sun-flecked interior, and beside it hung the canvas of four girls on a hillside above the sea, with the sensation of brisk breeze and hot light vividly suggested. A Whitman quotation lately applied to a great inventor might also be truthfully cited in the case of this painter: "Genius is almost a hundred per cent. directness, and nothing more." When you left these pictures you felt like "backing from the presence."

Occurring at the same time as this exhibition was one by Sergeant Kendall, at the Vose Gallery. Whereas Mr. Benson

seeks always compactness and lucidity, Mr. Kendall's aims often result in over-explanation. His composition is nearly always satisfactory and very pleasing, but its effectiveness is often hindered by complexities of treatment. His home portraits are full of charm,—the others are apt to suggest a lack of sympathy. It would be hard to find a more satisfactory canvas of its kind than "Beatrice," but he failed badly in "The Valkyr." He has many styles, some marvelously successful, others inadequate. He possesses a high degree of draughtsmanship, but his other qualities seem to wait upon his moods. At present there is at the Vose Gallery an exhibition of pictures by Church and Boughton. The Church pictures are personifications of nature, and like subjects, sentimentally treated, and far from following the present-day lead in art. The work of the late George Boughton, R. A., is likewise a departure from the strictly "art for art's sake" code. Yet there is a certain charm about "The Enchanted Lake." In the front room of the gallery is a canvas marvelous in every respect,—a portrait of "Selina, Lady Huntingdon," by Hogarth. Since his portraits are so rare, it would be a pity for any of us to miss seeing this picture.

At Kimball's are hung paintings by Fantin-Latour and Monticelli. Of the former, Van Dyke says: "Fantin-Latour is half romantic, half allegorical in subject, and in treatment oftentimes designedly vague and shadowy, more suggestive than realistic." The pictures certainly have a sleepy quality. The composition of "The Tapestry Makers" is interesting. The subjects of Monticelli's canvases are hardly to be distinguished, and one of the landscapes is particularly formless. "The Baptism" is unfinished, some of the figures being indicated by fine white lines.

Cobb is showing a collection of water-colors done by that

versatile man, F. Hopkinson Smith. Anent his proposed membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters, Life remarks that "it is possible, of course, that Mr. Smith did not go into the academy with his easel, but on the shoulders of 'Colonel Carter.'" His water-colors are apt to overstep the limits of the medium. An oil painting is like a soundly-constructed and carefully-worked-out bit of rhetoric; a water-color suggests a quick, apt *bon mot.*

In January and February there have been two exhibitions at the Grundmann Studios,—Mr. Furlong's and Miss Richardson's. Both are graduates of this school, and graduates to be proud of, and the work of each is expressive of careful concentration. Mr. Furlong's paintings are beautifully drawn, but they are rather hard. Most of Miss Richardson's pictures were shown earlier in the year, but there are, in addition, two new portraits, one, in particular, very fine, and the unfinished picture of a girl; also three landscapes, some still lifes, pencil sketches, and silver point etchings.

At the present time the Franklin Union, corner of Appleton and Berkeley streets, is having a very interesting show of canvases by a great variety of painters. Mr. De Camp has "In the Studio," painted some years ago, and containing a portrait of himself at his easel. There is "Picking Grapes," a large, decorative canvas by Mr. Benson, and "Mother and Child in Boat," by Mr. Tarbell. This is a splendidly-expressed out-of-doors picture. "The Critic," by William Paxton, is undeservedly hung in an out-of-the-way corner, and though it was probably painted years ago, the Paxton satin is easily recognized. It has the richness, but not quite the delicacy of the satin of "The Little Bride." There are several water-colors by Woodbury at the Union, and an elaborate "Gate to Nikko," by Joseph Lindon Smith. Mr. Goodwin has "Park Street Cor-

ner" and "T Wharf." There are three pictures by Mary Macomber. William Morris Hunt is represented by "The Head of a Girl."

In the January Zeitschrift fur Bildende Kunst there are many illustrations to an article on the Dutch exhibit in New York, including reproductions of pictures by Hals, Rembrandt, Ruisdael, Metsu, de Hooghe, and a beautiful Vermeer print of "The Girl with the Jug."

In the February Everybody's Gutzon Borglum has a paper on "The Beauty of Lincoln." It is illustrated by a photograph of the portrait bust lately completed by Mr. Borglum.

"Frederic Remington: a Painter of American Life," is a timely article by Royal Cortissoz, in the February Scribner's. It was evidently written before Mr. Remington's death, and is an interesting and sincere description of his work. It is illustrated by photographs of the pictures hung at his last exhibition. Mr. Cortissoz says: "There are artists who are 'formed' by their experience of life quite as much as by the discipline of the schools, artists from whose subtlest touch the savor of 'subject' is inseparable. Such a type is Frederic Remington. It it impossible to reflect upon his art without thinking of the merely human elements that have gone to its making, the close contacts with men and with the soil in a part of our country where indeed the atmosphere of the studio is simply unthinkable."

In Berlin is shortly to be held an exhibition of American paintings, the Ten Americans being honored by a room to themselves. We still remember the German exhibition, and trust with all our hearts that the De Camps, Tarbells, Bensons, and Paxtons will be successful missionaries.

Katharine M. Sawin.

The Fires

Men make them fires on the hearth,
  Each under his roof-tree,
And the Four Winds that rule the earth
  They blow the smokes to me.

* * * * * * * *

Until the tears are in my eyes,
  And my heart is well-nigh broke;
For thinking on old memories
  That gather in the smoke.

* * * * * * * *

How can I turn from any fire,
  On any man's hearthstone?
I know the wonder and desire
  That went to build my own!

How can I doubt man's joy or woe
  Where'er his house fires shine,
Since all that man must undergo
  Will visit me at mine.

* * * * * * * *

Where there are fires against the cold,
  Or roofs against the rain—
With love fourfold and joy fourfold,
  Take them my songs again.

Rudyard Kipling.

I am glad I was in "The Pageant" for several reasons, and the foremost of these is "Jimmie." Heaven forbid that he should ever discover himself thus familiarly designated! He is enough to make even a suffragette tremble in his wrath. I unblushingly confess that I enjoyed "Jimmie" every minute, and I should like to repeat some of his remarks verbatim, but the Lamp-post says it wouldn't sound well from a lady. For the benefit of the unenlightened, I will explain. "Jimmie" was the stage manager. He was short and rather round, and wore his hat on the back of his head, stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and swore,—beautifully, fluently, lucidly, vigorously,—with a polish, an eclat, an indifference that caused the few hundreds of green and gawky young people to flee before him as the wrath to come. "The Pageant" was bawled into shape by "Jimmie," no disparagement being meant to the excellent labors of those that had toiled before him. But it was "Jimmie" that prevailed at the crucial moment. Respect for persons was not a part of "Jimmie's" creed. He howled at Thor and the heavenly angels even as he howled at the Roman rabble and the very stage hands. He even blarneyed the Madonna in the manger, and hobnobbed with the Cosmic Man. He belongs in a book, and we liked him, but—we were very careful to keep out of his way.

Then at last we saw Mrs. Bertha Cushing Childs in the costume for which she was obviously intended. I believe that most women are told more or less that they are angels, but it is given to very few to look the part. Mrs. Childs was undeniably built to stand in a glowing light, clad in glistening robes, with white wings gleaming upon her head, and an expression of rapt adoration on her face. I am going to speedily forget all the other visions of her that I have cherished up to now. The black and gold lady trailing about the opera, the green and silver lady singing gloriously in Symphony Hall, the pale gray lady pouring tea in front of a fire,—they will all have to give way to this latest role of "The Pageant." I am quite sure there is no other way in which I should like so much to remember her.

Some of us may be surprised to learn at this late hour that the object of the affair was "sweet charity." We went into it solely for the fun of it, and nothing else. For the fun of "dressing up" and being painted! Vanitas, vanitatem! For the fun of snooping and poking around "in back" at the opera house. For the exhilaration of watching the curtain work, and seeing inside the prompter's box, and guessing which was Lipkowska's dressing room. For the fun of exploring up in the flies and under where the orchestra men go. If "sweet charity" was benefited by our noble efforts, well and good; we'd be almost willing to do it again—for charity's sake.

There seems to be a curious idea prevalent amongst us that the ocean and the seashore were made for our delectation solely from the first of June to the fifteenth of September. I have never fully accepted this proposition, and last week I gave it up altogether. It was not a sudden decision. Hovering in

the back of my brain, and temporarily stilled by the voices of the mind feverishly clamoring over and over the origins and insertions of the trapezius muscle, there has been for a long time an insistent murmur which finally last Thursday rose abruptly to a roar, and shouted at me: "I want to see the ocean now!" Well, I knew there was no use doing anything with it when it acted like that, so I borrowed a sweater and went. I think I was rash enough to take somebody along, but I can't seem to remember who it was. The only impression made was as of an insistent buzzing in my ear like the harmless prattle of a child talking to itself. I went to see the ocean. Now be not alarmed. There are no rhapsodies to follow. The editor objects when I rhapsodize. He says it sounds like Nell Brinkley. But, if you have never seen the ocean on a stormy, snowy, cold winter afternoon, I advise you, calmly and dispassiontely—choking back the adjectives and muzzling the exclamations—to go! And hurry!

"The women were the worst. . . . Many of them were in a fluid state, dissolved by their own minds; others sustained the same relation to their souls that young and playful kittens do to their tails. They were always chasing them and never finding them."

I quote the above because I can't make up my mind whether it really means something or is merely clever. It has started the demon of self-analysis to stirring slightly, so I pass it on to you with malice aforethought.

The following, from Lafcadio Hearn's "Out of the East," I find entirely too good to enjoy alone: "Long ago, at a place called Matsuyama, in the province of Echigo, there lived a

young Samurai husband and wife, whose names have been quite forgotten. They had a little daughter.

"Once the husband went to Yedo,—probably as a retainer in the train of the Lord of Echigo. On his return he brought presents from the capital,—sweet cakes and a doll for the little girl (at least, so the artist tells us), and for his wife a mirror of silvered bronze. To the young mother that mirror seemed a very wonderful thing; for it was the first mirror ever brought to Matsuyama. She did not understand the use of it, and innocently asked whose was the pretty, smiling face she saw inside it. When her husband answered her, laughing, 'Why, it's your own face! How foolish you are!' she was ashamed to ask any more questions, but hastened to put her present away, still thinking it to be a very mysterious thing. And she kept it hidden many years,—the original story does not say why. Perhaps for the simple reason that in all countries love makes even the most trifling gift too sacred to be shown.

"But in the time of her last sickness she gave the mirror to her daughter, saying: 'After I am dead you must look into this mirror every morning and evening, and you will see me. Do not grieve.' Then she died.

"And the girl thereafter looked into the mirror every morning and evening, and did not know that the face in the mirror was her own shadow, but thought it to be that of her dead mother, whom she much resembled. So she would talk to the shadow, having the sensation, or, as the Japanese original more tenderly says, 'having the heart of meeting her mother,' day by day; and she prized the mirror above all things.

"At last her father noticed this conduct, and thought it strange, and asked her the reason of it, whereupon she told him all. 'Then,' says the old Japanese narrator, 'thinking it to be a very piteous thing, his eyes grew dark with tears.' "

Frances Downes

M. N. A. S. A. A., Room B.,

Grundmann Studios,

198 Clarendon Street, Boston.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

1909—1910

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To the alumni: Here are three institutions,—the alumni, the school, and the CENTRE OF VISION. The alumni depends upon the school for its future life. The CENTRE OF VISION has the ear of the school. Why not let it bring the two together?—Ed.

The headquarters of the M. N. A. S. A. A. were officially opened November 19 in Room B, Grundmann Studio, under the authority given the Board of Directors at the meeting of the Alumni Association June 18, 1909. Room B is really two rooms, a gallery and a club room. Both of these are open to members daily from ten to six. The undertaking has met with most cordial support. The increase in membership in the Alumni Association has been unprecedented and it is hoped that

everyone who has been connected with the Normal Art School will avail himself of the privileges of these attractive rooms.

The work is conducted by six committees working with the Board of Managers, and in this way there will be interesting exhibitions, conferences, lectures, auction sales, special evening entertainments, and a reference library accessible at all times to members.

Tea is served Saturday afternoons from 3 to 5.30.

The gallery is lighted both day and evening, and is well arranged for small exhibitions of pictures, arts and crafts products, school work, etc. It is well protected by insurance.

A competent caretaker, who is also a good saleswoman, is in attendance.

Four interesting exhibitions have already taken place.

The gallery may be rented for exhibitions to members of the Alumni Association for $25.00 per week, to non-members for $35.00 per week, with a 10 per cent. commission on all sales. Both rooms may be rented for lectures and social gatherings.

Wilhelmina D. Campbell,
Chairman Board of Managers.

The exhibitions at the Alumni Gallery for the next month are as follows:—

February 21 to March 7—Art Museum, alumni and advanced students.

March 7 to March 14—Miss Amy L. Burbank.

March 14 to March 21—Miss Anna M. Hathaway and Miss Harriet Smith.

March 21 to April 4—Annual exhibition of the M. N. A. S. Alumni Association.

Griswold Tyng,
Chairman Exhibition Committee.

Lectures on Color

By Albert H. Munsell

Color demonstrations, with results of the use of measured colors in public and private schools, are to form the basis of six lectures which Mr. Munsell has been requested to arrange for art teachers and supervisors. These lessons begin Saturday, February 19, at 2 p. m., in the Normal Art Gallery (room B of the Grundmann Studios). They include practical exercises with crayons and water-colors, for a definite training of the color sense, and are an elaboration of the three lectures recently given at Teachers College, Columbia University.

The materials used, blocks, crayons, and water-colors, will be furnished at each lecture.

The price for the course is $4.

The tickets and further particulars may be obtained from H. A. Putnam, 84 Washington street, Boston.

THE morning drum-call on my eager ear
Thrills unforgotten yet; the morning dew
Lies yet undried along my field of noon.
But now I pause at whiles in what I do,
And count the bell and tremble lest I hear
(My work untrimmed) the sunset gun too soon.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Here's a Chance for Us to Stick Our Thumbs in the Armholes of Our Vests.

To the complaint that Boston and Philadelphia painters take all the prizes away from the New York painters, a correspondent of the New York Evening Post retorts that the explanation is easy; the Boston and Philadelphia painters "do the best work." The atmosphere in New York is too commercial; the painters paint their pictures to sell—"mediocre pot-boilers" to catch the eye of the Western millionaire. The fashionable portrait painter is "three-fourths business man and one-fourth artist." Then the writer, proceeding from the specific to the general, lays down the rule that bread and art are naturally and eternally hostile:—

"Given two men of equal opportunity for study and work. At the age of forty one man is able to sell every picture he paints before it is finished—the other man never sells anything. Nine times out of ten the second man will be the better painter, and he will probably live either in Boston or Philadelphia. The man who begins early to sell his pictures under the fostering care of the astute art dealer withers on the stem. The man who never sells anything, if he is the 'real thing,' has a long, lonesome chance to learn the workings of his trade. A few years after he is dead people begin to buy his pictures."

There are too many examples of this sad state of affairs. But, on the other hand, there are successful artists who make good incomes, and yet keep on painting better and better. Perhaps these are the exceptions which prove the rule.

To thrust woman into politics would be about as exasperating as giving a hungry man a silver fork with his plate of soup.

As usual, the artist's commonplace friend had managed to swing their talk around to art. Curiously enough, perhaps, it was the artist who seemed hungry for the commonplace things. It was snowing.

"Hullo! there's a horse down!" cried the artist enthusiastically. "Let's go over and watch."

"That's the fourth to-day," grumbled the commonplace friend, pulling him away and veering craftily towards the Public Garden entrance.

"Why are you so loath to talk about art?"

"Because I paint, I suppose. When a man is in love, does he shout the charms of the maid from the housetops, or does he whisper them to the stars, or the trees, or the wind, or something else grand and simple enough to understand? A woman came to me the other day and asked if I would take the part of an artist in a little thing they were giving for charitable pur-

poses. I refused, of course. I told her I had no idea of how to act like an artist. I suggested that she give that part to some business man. I asked her if she hadn't the part of a carpenter, a miner, or a stage-driver for me. I said I could do that with enjoyment. I said I thought we should get on very well that way. She seemed to think me sarcastic and frivolous, whereas I was never more serious in my life. My idea of an artist would be something they could not understand. Not that I don't know the type people usually like to throw in our faces; in fact, I know it better than they themselves—as every artist knows it."

They stepped out into the snow so that some one might pass, and then for a while nothing was heard but the hollow clump of their feet on the boarded walk.

But the artist's commonplace friend was fearful lest he lose the shadowy fish for which he loved to angle, and which hung so near to bottom.

"Surely no one can accuse you of Bohemianism," he said, temptingly dangling the bait before his very nose.

"Well, that depends. There is Bohemianism *and* Bohemianism, but only one kind that is true. That kind is as far-sweeping as the skies and as narrow as the path of a wood mouse. Who is *the* Bohemian, that one Bohemian *par excellence*, to whom we have all been taught to look up to?"

"Why, Stevenson, of course!"

"Yes, Stevenson, of course. The very name conjures up spices, and trade winds, and languid palms. Now I am going to tell you the name of another and just as true a Bohemian—one that lived nearer us. What do you say to Henry David Thoreau?"

"Thoreau! Why, Stevenson himself called him a down-

right Yankee. He was shrewd, stubborn, he lived a meagre life, and alone. Surely you can't call him a Bohemian."

"And yet he was. Bohemianism is not unconventionality, late rising, and flaunting Windsor ties. If my taste runs to Windsor ties and I wear them, I may or may not be a Bohemian; if my taste does not and I don't, then I may or may not be a Bohemian; but if I want to wear them and don't wear them, then I am not a Bohemian. I might rise when the sun rises and retire when the sun retires, or I might retire when the sun rises and rise when the sun retires, and still be a Bohemian, for all that that has to do with it. Thoreau knew what he wanted to do, and he did it simply, honestly, and he broke none of Nature's laws. He was as interested in wood-choppers as in kings, and that is Bohemianism—if there is any Bohemianism. And he had simplicity."

"You are always harping on simplicity," said the artist's commonplace friend. Oh! he was a crafty fisherman, this commonplace friend, who really wasn't commonplace at all.

The artist stopped abruptly and pointed.

"Do you see that red on the roof of this building here, and then the gray of that church spire against the sky in the distance? Now which of those two colors is the more simple?"

"The gray."

"Why?"

"Because—well, because it is more quiet than the red."

"Well, that isn't exactly as I should put it, but perhaps just as good, and at least you admit that it is simple. I'll tell you why. This red here I could get with light red right out of the tube. A simple method, I admit, but giving garnishness, not simplicity. That gray on the spire would take all the other colors mixed together, exquisitely mixed together, mind you. That's simplicity—elimination—having all things at your command, and working *down* to, not *up* to."

It had stopped snowing.

"You haven't said anything about genius and talent," suggested the artist's commonplace friend. He did not mind showing the barb of his hook now; they were nearing the subway, and he was fairly satisfied with his catch.

"Why do you catalogue them together? They are of different species. Genius is a hardy wild flower; it springs up and thrives best in stony places, it is trampled upon, but cannot be stamped out. It grows unheeded until it blossoms—and it only blossoms at will. Talent is a hothouse plant; it must have a gardener, must be nourished and cultivated, or else it may wilt and die. . . . Well, here we are, and there is my car. Now for the common things, as you call them. I know where there's a youngster waiting that took his first step this morning."

Mr. Major wishes to thank those who responded so readily to his call for help on the "Pageant of the Tree."

Don't think that because you can't see your faults that you haven't any; you know the man that snores the loudest disturbs every one else but himself.

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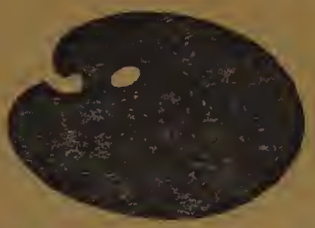

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